

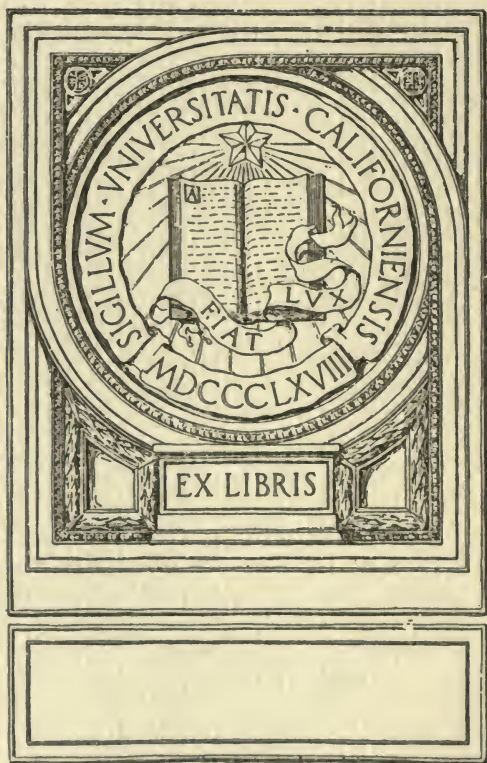
# The Doughboy's Religion

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Ben B. Lindsey  
and  
Harvey O'Higgins







**THE DOUGHBOY'S  
RELIGION**





THE DOUGHBOY'S  
RELIGION *and Other*  
*Aspects of Our Day*

BY

BEN B. LINDSEY

AND

HARVEY O'HIGGINS

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS  
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## INTRODUCTION

THERE is a sort of fame that comes of much advertising and a name continually in the public prints—a sort of overpowering conspicuity that convinces without credentials and gets itself accepted without proof. There is another sort of fame that travels so quietly it seems to go by underground and reaches a million people as if in silence, like one of those famous old books that are printed in all the languages of civilized man without advertisement and read with private delight. Judge Lindsey's fame is of this latter kind.

He is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. His laws and his court-procedure have been made the model for Acts of Parliament in Great Britain. He is as much an authority in France and Germany and Austria and Italy. When the envoys of the Kerensky government came to Amer-

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ica, they brought a message of fraternal thanks to him from the new Russian republic. Delegates from Japan have sat in his court to study his methods and take his lessons home to their people. His name is one of the great American names among the foreign nations, and his work is one of the great American achievements in social reform and the relief of the unfortunate.

In this country he is even better known for his support of that "new freedom" which President Wilson celebrates. Judge Lindsey's efforts on behalf of the children in Colorado brought him first into conflict with employers who were exploiting children in industry, and with organized vice that was corrupting children in dives and gambling-hells. With the aid of woman suffrage in Denver, he won that fight. He went on to give battle to the larger forces of corruption in city and state. He sought to obtain playgrounds for children by forcing the street railways and other public utilities of Denver to pay their proper taxes, sought to protect the children of the poor by obtaining laws to protect their parents from unjust and oppressive employers, sought to obtain those laws by breaking the power of

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the employers over both political parties in the state, and broadened his campaign as he went along until he joined his fight to the great struggle for reform that was then being fought by the whole nation, first under Theodore Roosevelt and then under Woodrow Wilson.

During the early years of the European war he tried to aid the orphans of Belgium and he went to Germany in an attempt to organize relief for them and for the starving peoples of Poland and Serbia. After America had entered the conflict he visited Great Britain, France, and Italy as an agent of our Committee on Public Information and of the British War Mission at Washington, to voice America's war aims and ideals, and to act as a sort of spiritual interpreter between us and our associates in the great struggle. He was received in Europe as if he were an unofficial envoy from the hearts of the American people. He had the entrée to everybody's trust, and he spoke in England or in Italy with equal credit and authority in the minds of all sorts and conditions of men. He returned to this country after the war was won, to act as the advocate of a moral alliance

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among the nations in their efforts to combat those common social injustices and class miseries which the war had increased. It is as the advocate of such an alliance that he speaks in this volume—for although the actual writing of the book has been a work of collaboration, the message is his message and the spirit of its utterance is, as nearly as possible, his.

Lindsey is an extraordinary character. He has probably taken more punishment and received less reward than any other leader in the American revolution of the last ten years, yet he is as cheerful and enthusiastic as he was when he began his long crusade. His sympathy is still as quick as it was for the first childish victims of injustice who were brought before his little county court in Denver twenty years ago. He is now, as he was then, merely a local judge with a meager jurisdiction. All the powers of furious politicians, of revengeful corporations, of the outraged barons of industry and finance have been unable either to drive him out of his children's court or to seduce him from it. Every opposition has equally failed to frighten him, to make him pause in his attack, or to force



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him to compromise in his statement of what he believes to be the truth in any public matter—whether it be the case against the Y. M. C. A. in France which he discusses in the first chapter of this volume, or the conspiracy against a democratic peace and the League of Nations which he exposes in the second, or the social reforms and industrial conditions in Europe and America which he canvasses in all. And in these days when anger and self-interest and the enmities of class quarrels cloud every issue and silence so many men, it is well to listen to a voice like Lindsey's, whether you hiss him or applaud him—for he is speaking the undaunted truth concerning conditions that it may be of great importance for you to understand in the light of events that are now preparing in the world.

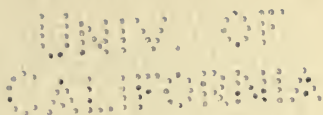
HARVEY O'HIGGINS.





**THE DOUGHBOY'S  
RELIGION**





## THE DOUGHBOY'S RELIGION

**A**N American colonel in France was having difficulty with his safe. It was the headquarters' safe. Its lock had jammed, and none of his staff could open it. While they were struggling with it a colored sergeant came up to them apologetically.

"Cul'n'l," he said, "if I ain't intrudin' into dis heah difficulty, I believes, sah, dat I might he'p yah."

"Yes?" said the colonel. "What do you suggest?"

"Cul'n'l," said the sergeant, "I suggests Co'p'l Hall."

"'Corporal Hall?' Why Corporal Hall?"

"Co'p'l Hall," the sergeant explained, under his voice, "was fo' foah years a bugglah."

They sent for Corporal Hall, and Corporal Hall opened the safe.

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"Well, Sergeant," the colonel said, "I'm glad to know about Corporal Hall. I wish I'd known it sooner. It would have saved us a lot of time with that safe. And tell me, Sergeant—in case we may need to call on *you* some day—in what direction do *your* particular talents lie?"

"Cul'n'l," the sergeant answered, "ah doan' want to tell no lies. Standin' as ah does daily in de presence of mah Makeh, mos' doubtless ah doan' want to tell no lies. But if de time comes when ah kin he'p yah, sah, ah'll make a full an' free confession, a full *an'* free confession, sah."

When the colonel told me that story I enjoyed it as a humorous anecdote. So did the others at the table. And I was for some time at the front before it dawned on me that there was a great deal more in the story than mere humor. There was illumination in it.

I had been puzzled by the antagonism of the American doughboy to the Y. M. C. A. Immediately upon landing in France I had found that the Y was "in bad." There was no use blinking the fact then, and there is no use trying to keep it out of print now, because the returning

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soldier has made it known everywhere in America. The Y was "in bad," and I could not understand why.

The soldiers had many reasons to give for their antagonism, but none of the reasons seemed sufficient, and most of them proved, on investigation, to be ill founded. Some of the men complained that the Y. M. C. A. had been overcharging them for tobacco and cigarettes, but that complaint was easily disposed of. The Y workers had been selling "smokes" to the soldiers at the price which the goods cost the Association. That price was higher than the same articles cost the soldier in the regular army stores, because the army did not have to pay freight and the Y did. To avoid criticism, the Y had reduced its prices. It was now selling tobacco and cigarettes at the prices for which they could be bought from the quartermaster's stores, and the loss was being met out of the Association's general fund. Nevertheless, the complaint persisted.

I found other soldiers who objected that the Y never gave anything for nothing, but it was obvious that the Y was giving many things for nothing. It was giving the rooms

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in the Y huts, all sorts of free entertainments, books and writing-materials and athletic supplies. It was giving the services of thousands of willing workers, who were fulfilling a mission of incalculable value to the army by keeping up the morale of the soldiers.

And I found the charge that the Y workers kept themselves in soft billets behind the lines and avoided danger—although hundreds of these workers were constantly in the danger zone and under fire, several had been killed, many had been wounded or gassed, a number had died of exposure and overwork, and some had been decorated for conspicuous acts of bravery.

There were other complaints of various sorts, and back of them all was the same animosity which was not removed by disproving the complaints. The reasons which the boys gave for their animosity might be wholly imaginary reasons. The animosity remained only too real.

On the other hand, the Salvation Army was enormously popular. I went, for instance, to a Salvation Army dugout, back of the broken walls of a shell-torn town, while the "whiz-bangs" were still shrieking



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overhead and our batteries were booming their replies. The whole group of chattering, smiling, shouting youngsters who greeted me were unanimous in demanding that I should be sure to tell the people back home to give generously to the "good old Salvation Army." We sat around the fire while the doughnuts sizzled in a pan of grease and the coffee steamed in tin cups that were handed out by two Salvation lassies; and the boys kept assuring me: "I tell you, Judge, the Salvation ladies are the real thing. You never see their pictures in the magazines, and they don't drink tea in any of the swell joints; they're right here on the job all the time." Or, "Say, Judge, if we hadn't just pulled them out of the last town that went to pieces they'd have stayed there to be shot up with the rest of us." Or: "They feed us up. They go under fire with us. And they don't preach to us. They're all like these two, and, gee! we're *for* them!"

The very same things might have been said of many of the Y. M. C. A. workers, yet not once did I hear them said. When the Y was mentioned, both men and officers either criticized or remained silent,

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and most of the soldiers' criticisms were so violent as to be unprintable.

"We've had six Y. M. C. A. preachers here in the last two weeks," one of the men said to me. "They've been joy-riding up and down the lines, preaching to us about the dangers of booze, women, and gambling. And it's the holy truth, Judge, we're so sore that every one of us is feeling like having a hell of a time with all three the first leave we get." I heard another soldier announce the arrival of a Y preacher by singing out, "Well! Well! Here comes Old Wine, Women, and Song again!" Over and over, the boys would say, "That sissyfied son of a gun is using up gasolene over here to warn us fellows against the skirts, when he ought to be down in the trenches where he belongs or get to blazes out o' here." Or: "What is that dolled-up guy doing behind a counter, selling cigarettes and living in the best billet in town, when he ought to be soaking with the rest of us? He's a fake. That's what he is—a fake!" At mess after mess with the officers I would hear: "Well, Heaven help the Y after this war! How the fellows will hate it!" And again and again they would sum it all up:



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"The Y is the biggest failure in the war. The biggest, bar none!"

I was myself talking in the Y. M. C. A. huts. I knew with what sincere devotion the Y workers were giving themselves to their work, and it fairly made my heart ache to learn how their efforts were unappreciated. It was pathetic to see the bewilderment of many of the preachers and secretaries who felt the army's antagonism and did not understand the cause of it. I found it almost equally pitiful that the soldiers themselves did not know what was the matter, but tried to justify their feelings by making charges against the Y of which it was not guilty.

What was really wrong?

The truth became apparent in a very curious way. Some of the Y workers proposed that the soldiers at the Y meetings should be asked to answer a questionnaire in which they should name the three cardinal sins that were most abhorred by the soldier. The average answer was to be taken as a "message" from the doughboys in France to those back in America. And, of course, it was hoped that, after all the crusading that had been done against

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drinking, gambling, and sexual immorality, the boys would line up solidly against those three vices.

The result was startling. No matter where the vote was taken, and no matter how the question was asked, the soldiers answered invariably that to them the first great sin was cowardice, and the first great virtue was courage.

With the same unanimity they replied that the second worst sin was selfishness, and the second greatest virtue self-sacrifice.

The third vice was variously expressed as snobbishness, big-headedness, boastfulness, or hypocrisy. And one of the Y secretaries told me that when he tried to get the boys to declare against personal immorality they just gave him the "horse-laugh."

Here, then, was one fundamental cause of misunderstanding between the Y and the men whom it was so eager to help. In the directions issued by the Association to its workers the greatest stress was laid upon the importance of saving soldiers from sin and getting them to "accept and follow Jesus Christ." These were declared to be "fundamental objectives." They were so given in the *Manual of Camp Work* issued

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to secretaries and workers as late as June, 1918. And the soldiers had no patience with such objectives. As one of them put it to me: "Look at that bunch of rough-necks there! Not a one of them has seen the inside of a church in years, but I tell you they're real Christians. They love one another, and it's the real thing in loving, for they'd lay down their lives for one another and divide their last crumb with a comrade. We get that sort of thing at the front more than we ever had it in the churches or in the Y. M. C. A. at home. And when we're doing it and feeling it here the less talk they give us about it the better—especially when the talk comes from some of these dolled-up guys that don't know as much about it as we do."

When I went into the trenches I could see for myself. Here was true Christianity in action, before the face of death, under circumstances that made any preaching, however eloquent, seem tawdry. I did not need to be told it. It was in the way in which one of them would wrap me in a trench-coat, and another show me how to protect myself with a gas-mask, and a third outfit me with a helmet. It was in the

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friendly cautiousness with which they led me into the first-line trenches, and it was in the way the men in machine-gun pits and dugouts greeted me and my guides—in cheerful whispers, full of comradeship and unspoken affection. These men were practising their fundamental virtues, courage, self-sacrifice, and sincere humility. In a very real sense they were saving the world. They were laying down their lives for humanity. They were loving their neighbors as themselves and better than themselves. Face to face with eternity, they were truly following the example of Christ on the cross. They were not thinking of saving their souls. They were thinking of nothing so selfish. And when they came back from that Calvary in which they had seen their comrades die, what patience would they have with smug exhortations about personal sins, individual salvation, and the self-satisfaction of superior virtue?

Naturally, they had none whatever. If you preach to a man that he must do right because he will be punished if he does wrong, you are preaching a cowardly ethic. It does not matter whether you threaten him with jail or with hell-fire, you are ap-



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pealing to his fear. Such appeals are never very effective, even in peace-time. I have found them a complete failure among children in our juvenile-court work, for example. And to the soldiers they were worse than puerile. They offended against the first tenet of the doughboy's faith—that the most damnable of all sins is cowardice.

Similarly, the men resented the way in which the preachers handled the question of sexual immorality, although they did not at all resent the handling of the same subject by their officers. The difference was due to the fact that the officers and the wiser Y. M. C. A. workers made a straight appeal to the boys to avoid immorality in order to keep themselves "fighting fit" and to protect their comrades from the infection of disease. They pointed out the physical effects of sexual vice and lectured on the use of prophylactics to guard against infection. They appealed to the men's loyalty to the cause for which they were fighting and to their loyalty to the comrades who were fighting beside them. The wiser Y. M. C. A. workers, as I have said, made the same plea, but I heard one of the Y

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leaders in England argue against the use of prophylactics because these would save the sinner from the "blight of sin." He was willing to have the innocent suffer with the guilty, "even to the third and fourth generation." He insisted that the only salvation in such matters came from the saving grace of redemption in "the blood of the Lamb." And this selfish and antisocial point of view, offensive enough in times of peace, was abhorrent to the soldier, whose whole life and personality had been submerged in the great common fight of his nation for its social existence.

Furthermore, some of the Y workers arrived in France with an evangelical Sunday-school attitude of superior virtue. They were men who had been picked for their mission as being conspicuously free of the vices of drinking, gambling, and personal immorality. They came to uplift the unregenerate roughneck by precept and example. They had no opportunity to show their courage. Their personal sacrifice was so small beside the soldier's self-immolation that it was quite invisible. And their assumption of evangelical superiority seemed to convict them of the soldier's

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third cardinal sin — snobbishness, lack of humility, boastfulness. The army called them the “Holier-than-thou’s.”

The Salvation Army avoided this reproach by not preaching, by giving devoted service only, and by sharing the soldier's daily life of hardship and danger as much as possible. The Salvation lassie had learned humility in street-corner meetings, and in services in dark and dingy little buildings where the very poor and lowly came. The doughboy had seen those meetings at home, and he knew how humble they were. He saw among the “Salvation ladies” no unconscious assumption of superior holiness. The Salvation Army had no money to spend on motor-cars and gasoline and comfortable billets for its workers, and those workers were not of the social class that has afternoon tea at conspicuous hotels and inevitably gets its pictures in the newspapers. They practised the doughboy's religion, and the boys loved them.

I had heard that the war had brought a great religious revival among the warring people of Europe, and I had expected to see signs of it among the soldiers. There were none of the traditional sort. I asked the

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officers of most of the Allied forces in France, and they replied that there was no religious revival. "Go to the churches," they said, "and see." So I went to church after church and found them empty. I attended a service at Westminster Abbey, and saw a few conventional church attendants scattered throughout the chill gloom and echoing emptiness of that great tomb of England's dead. And when the clergymen mounted the pulpit it was to bemoan the fact, as he said, that "the Church seems no longer able to lead," that it had "lost its influence with the toilers of the world," and that the loss was "mostly the fault of the Church."

He seemed as pitiful as the bewildered Y workers who realized that they had lost their influence with the army. Unfortunately, there was no one there to propose that the churches should submit a questionnaire to the toilers of the world. But on that very same day I had seen the toilers of London answering the unspoken question of the clergyman in Westminster Abbey, although they had answered it by their actions more than by words.

I had seen thousands of working men and



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women going in what was really a religious procession to Albert Hall, carrying the banners of their faith. On those banners were inscribed such dogmas as "Justice, not Charity," and "What we fought for we are going to have." Albert Hall was crowded. Ten thousand people stood outside the building after it was filled to suffocation. And the men and women who spoke to this enthusiastic congregation preached the same religion that I had seen lived in the trenches of France.

That was the answer. There was a great religious revival in Europe, but it was not the selfish religion of individual salvation; and the churches failed in the war, as the Y. M. C. A. failed, because the churches were still preaching from the text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and the people were thinking, "What shall it profit a man to save his own soul if the whole world is to be lost?" The preachers were preaching the old cowardly religion of individual salvation. The people were living the brave new religion of the salvation of the world. The preachers were denouncing drinking, gambling, and immorality. The

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people were denouncing cowardice, selfishness, and egotism.

That is why the incident of Corporal Hall and the colonel's safe was illuminating to me. Under the old religion, Corporal Hall was an outcast and a sinner. Under the new religion, he had become one of the saviors of the world, ready to die for his fellows. Some of the finest soldiers that I met in France had been convicts. One of the most courageous had been one of the worst of "sinners" in time of peace. Another, whom I came to respect and admire immensely, had been convicted as a thief. Moreover, I met some who in peace-times had aided in stealing public-utility franchises or had otherwise promoted schemes to rob and exploit great masses of people—evils, of course, far more harmful than burglary or petty stealing. And all these men had been converted, so to speak, to the new religion of war. They had learned to serve, to sacrifice, and, if need be, to die for others.

The Y. M. C. A. is a great institution. It has done a great work in peace as well as in war. It would be unworthy of its opportunity if it did not take to heart the lesson which the doughboy tried to teach it. For

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that is a peace-time lesson also, and the failure of the Y and the failure of the churches during this war is the same failure that they were guilty of in time of peace. The war has only made their failure more glaringly obvious.

The Christian religion is not a religion of individual salvation and selfish virtue. It is a religion of love and self-sacrifice and humility. The preachers who went up and down the battle-lines in automobiles, exhorting the men to save their own souls, made the mistake of the preachers who carry the same message up and down the lines in peace-time. The expensive automobiles and the comfortable billets in war are the expensive churches and the fat clerical livings of peace. The men in the front-line trenches are the toilers in the dangers and hardships of the country's essential industries. The antagonism between the soldier and the Y worker is the antagonism between the working-man and the fashionable preacher. In the great war which society is always waging against the forces of nature, the men in the trenches of industry are the front-line soldiers protecting the world against want and hardship, while

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they suffer and die themselves that others may be safe. Great masses of those others, the idle and leisured classes, live without a thought for the welfare of the man who toils for them. They go to church to be told how to save their own selfish souls, and this religion has as little appeal to the soldier of peace as to the soldier of war.

What the churches and the Y. M. C. A. had to learn in Europe they have to learn in America. They must preach and practise the religion of service. Westminster Abbey will be as crowded as Albert Hall when the surpliced clergyman mounts the pulpit in the Abbey to demand that society shall do for its workers what it does for its soldiers, and denounce the parasite and the exploiter of the people in peace-time as the slacker and the traitor are denounced in war-time, and organize the industries of peace for the common good of all citizens as the industries of war are organized.

A transport, called the *France*, recently arrived at its pier in New York with several thousand American soldiers and officers from the front. Some one called for cheers for the Red Cross. The men responded with a will. A call for cheers for the Salvation



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Army met with as hearty a response. "Now, altogether," a soldier shouted, "three cheers for the Y. M. C. A.!" And the doughboys answered, "Boo!"

The same answer is waiting for the churches unless they learn their lesson. The preacher must get into the fight for humanity if he is to regain his influence with humanity. He must give up his automobile and his soft billet behind the war zone, and share the hardships and the struggles of mankind, preaching courage, unselfishness, and humility by his example, trying to save men from sin by changing the conditions that make for sin, and saving his own soul by helping to save the world. The Joint Commission on Social Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church has seen the light. It "earnestly urges the Church at large to study the program of the British Labor party, characterized by Bishop Brent 'as the one great religious utterance of the war.'" This great religious utterance declared for a reconstruction of the national life in order to use the surplus wealth of the nation for the good of all the people of the nation, and to assure to every citizen the decent opportunity to live a

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healthy and happy and serviceable life. There is no other hope for the churches. The war has discovered a new religion—a religion ages old—the religion of Christ in action. The churches must preach and practise that religion or prepare to hear their call for cheers greeted with a universal “Boo!” when democracy’s next great campaign is over and the ships again come in.

## THE JUNKER FAITH

SO much for the doughboy's religion. There is a rival faith among men—a faith that was largely responsible for the European war, but had little enough to say for itself while the battles were being fought, and became voluble again only when the doughboy's code had saved the world. I should call it the junker's faith, although it is believed and practised not by junkers only, but by many simple, democratic people who seem to accept it as something aristocratic and superior, or as a practical code for a practical and selfish order of society and a workaday world.

A German officer once expressed it to me most completely—at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin, in February, 1916, when the United States was still neutral and the Crown Prince's army was hammering at the gates of Verdun.

“America and Germany are natural al-

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lies," he argued. "France, Russia, and Italy are too temperamental, too visionary, too revolutionary. They are trouble-makers. You Americans are practical. You put the affairs of your country in the control of the intelligent classes, as we do in Germany. You do not do it openly, as we do. You let the people believe that they govern themselves, but you have sense enough to leave the real power where it ought to be—in the hands of the practical people, the business men. You call them the 'invisible government.'"

I interrupted to object that the American people were largely in revolt against this "invisible government."

"No," he said; "the fact that it is permitted to rule shows that the thinking people want it to rule. Your intellectual classes must know in their hearts that its rule is necessary if your present order of society is to be maintained."

He was a chance acquaintance, an officer of no importance, whom I had met at a dinner. But he was a typical junker, and I recognized in his arguments many thoughts that had been only faintly indicated in more official circles. He did not



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know—as German officialdom was perhaps informed—that I had spent most of my public life campaigning against our “invisible government” in one way or another. He was correspondingly outspoken.

He insisted that the people were not fit to rule themselves, even in America. We had found that out, he said. We pretended that we had a democracy, but our government was absolutely dominated, ruled, and controlled by what he called our “intelligent classes.” He maintained that this was a wise and necessary condition of affairs and that it gave us good government. Our Constitution and our whole political system, to his mind, were just a camouflage. So long as these served the purpose of the privileged class they were maintained, but whenever they interfered with that purpose they were ignored or evaded—and he considered this inevitable and practical and altogether wise.

I had come to Berlin with a plan for relieving Poland and Serbia by the same means that the Belgian Relief Commission had brought relief to Belgium. In the course of negotiations I had met numerous German statesmen, government officials,

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financiers, army officers, and junkers of all sorts. And, in conversation with many of them, I had caught glimpses of the point of view which this officer was now opening up to me quite frankly.

Herr Zimmermann, the Kaiser's Secretary of State, had merely warned me that the United States would yet have to unite with Germany against the socialists, and he predicted that America would come to see the wisdom of the Kaiser's plan to crush the socialists before they could upset the world.

Another German official contented himself with impressing on me the dangers of socialism and paternalism. It was true, he said, that in Germany the individual had to give way to the state, but the German state was a commercial, imperialistic state, organized in the interests of the strong for the protection of the weak, who were not fit or able to govern themselves.

The conversation of my friend in the Adlon explained why these arguments were supposed likely to be effective with an American. Our invisible government, he believed, corresponded to the German system of junker rule. He was convinced that in our hearts we recognized the inability of

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the people to govern themselves, and that we had placed our government in the hands of our junkers secretly, just as the Germans had placed theirs in the hands of their junkers openly. The ambitions of our junkers were, to him, the same as the ambitions of the German junkers—trade and trade-domination, spheres of influence to exploit, a place in the sun.

It seemed to me that he was talking of an invisible government that was no longer in power in the United States. I explained that President Wilson's first election had been a defeat for our reactionaries, who had hoped to divide the Progressive vote between Wilson and Roosevelt so as to slip Taft into power. And President Wilson's first term had been full of disasters for the invisible government. His measures of domestic reform had deprived them of many of their most ancient privileges, and his policy in China and in Mexico had been a repudiation of their control in foreign affairs. It seemed to me that, as a government, they were more than usually invisible now, because they were in a fair way to disappear completely.

The officer smiled. "The people are not

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fit to rule," he said. "If you have not found it out in America, it is because you have never tried to take your affairs into your own hands. You have allowed your practical men to rule. If you get rid of your invisible government, you will learn."

I found this whole point of view quite common among the German commercial junkers. It was part of their religion that war between nations is as inevitable as competition between businesses, that every war is at bottom a trade war, and that the war in which they were then engaged had been inevitable because of the trade jealousy and commercial rivalry between Germany and Great Britain. Of course, they did not preach that doctrine to the common people. They knew that the mass of Germans would not fight and die for markets any more than the mass of Americans would. And by means of false news and forged despatches the German people had been deceived into believing that their country had been invaded before the Kaiser declared war, and that they were fighting holy battles in the national self-defense.

Curiously enough, it would seem from Prince Lichnowsky's confessions that the



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commercial junkers of Germany were themselves deceived by the military junkers. Lichnowsky has admitted that while he was German ambassador to Great Britain, just before the outbreak of the war, the British government made every sort of conciliatory concession to German trade in Portuguese Africa and in the matter of the Berlin-Bagdad Railway. And Lichnowsky implies that the treaties offering these concessions were suppressed, unsigned, by the German government because their publication would have destroyed the fiction of British jealousy of German trade expansion. According to Lichnowsky, therefore—and subsequent events have proved him right—the military junkers of Germany were “governing” the commercial junkers exactly as the commercial junkers thought the people should be governed. The military junkers were practising a religion that was a sort of High Church version of the commercial junker's faith. They were engaged in a war that had as its object not merely the commercial exploitation, but the complete enslavement of the weaker nations of Europe and the establishment of a tyranny of the aristocratic, military class.

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Of this, the German commercial junkers seemed to be, as yet, entirely unaware. They were convinced that they were engaged in a struggle against the imperialistic trade ambitions of the privileged classes in Great Britain and her allies. They argued that our invisible government in the United States was the natural ally of the all-too-visible autocracy of Germany in such a conflict. In Holland and the Scandinavian countries I found a similar point of view that varied only in its patriotic details. However nobly and heroically the common people were fighting for the liberties of their beloved countries, the junkers of Europe apparently believed that the war was really a struggle between the privileged classes of the more powerful European peoples for the right to exploit the weaker ones. There was, moreover, much convincing talk about secret treaties between the Allies, by which treaties the right to exploit here or there was adjudicated and agreed upon in advance of victory. And when I returned to America I watched with interest President Wilson's efforts to save the United States from being involved in the doubtful issue of such a doubtful conflict.



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It was obvious enough that all our American junkers were against him. He announced his fundamental policy, again and again, "America will have forgotten her traditions whenever she fights merely for herself under such circumstances as will show that she has forgotten to fight for all mankind." The junkers declared that this was poltroonery. Their voice was all for war. And the louder their voices grew the more convinced were the masses of the American people that the war was a rich man's war, a capitalists' war, a trade war. The American junkers, exasperated because President Wilson's domestic policies had so curtailed their privileges, attempted to defeat him on his foreign policy and his attitude toward the European conflict. He was re-elected by the vote of the Progressive and anti-junker West.

Meantime, a change was becoming evident in the nature and purposes of the war itself. In Germany the militaristic junkers were wholly in control; the commercial junkers were discovering that they had been deceived, and the war had become a war for and against dynastic conquest and autocratic world-dominion. In the Allied

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countries the privileged classes were either yielding their power to the masses of the people, as in England, or losing that power to a revolution of the people, as in Russia. With the publication of the secret treaties between Great Britain, France, Italy, and czarist Russia, it was apparent to what sort of struggle President Wilson had refused to become a party. The people had been fighting a war for the salvation of liberty. The junkers had been preparing to divide the fruits of conquest in the good old junker way. When President Wilson announced that the United States would fight "to make the world safe for democracy," he not only voiced the American ideal; he spoke also for the new sentiment of the people of Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy. He did for the World War what Abraham Lincoln did for the Civil War—he gave it a soul that could not be defeated; he brought to it a popular support that made victory certain.

All the American junkers acclaimed his purpose and rallied to his banner. And no one who knows human nature will doubt that they enlisted with the sincerest patriotism "to do their bit." But it soon became

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plain enough that many of them had their own interests and their own aims—interests that were class interests and aims that were class aims. One did not need to wait for the signing of the armistice in order to learn that they were supporting the President with the mental reservation that they were willing to help win the war on *his* terms, in order to make peace on *their* terms. Their maneuvers to that end were observable long before the Congressional campaign in which they dropped all pretense of supporting him. In the West, from the beginning, their game was played openly and boldly.

There, for a decade past, the junkers had been in a losing fight. Measures of popular control had deprived the corporation corruptionists of their power over both political parties. The campaigns of the Progressives had defeated those tools in office who had represented the invisible government of the privileged classes. The West had largely been made safe for democracy.

The war did not change that. But when the call for patriotic home service came the men most free to respond were the men of comparative leisure, the men

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of income, the men of large affairs. They were the men most needed by the government to organize the country locally, because they had the experience and the social power. They formed the state councils of defense. They organized the loyalty leagues. They headed the local committees of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the Liberty Loan drives. They took the local dollar-a-year offices for the food administration and the fuel administration, and often, where they had power, they rewarded their old political associates by appointing them to lesser offices.

There followed such incidents as this: In one of our Western states the forces of reform, after years of campaigning, had succeeded in defeating for re-election one of the most defiant political crooks who ever held public office. His defeat was scarcely more than made certain by a court decision when he was appointed food-controller for his district. All protest in the state was vain. The matter was carried to Washington and his resignation was obtained, but the man who succeeded him was another of the same stripe. Useless to complain! The men who had the local power to ap-



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point him were the junkers whom he had long served as henchman. Washington was not to blame. It had to accept the patriotic services of the junkers and their tool, relying on their patriotism and forgiving their political records. The rest of us had to do the same.

The junkers, however, neither forgot nor forgave. In several of the Western states the farmers had organized the Non-Partizan League to fight the men who were oppressing them by means of railway control, and banking control, and control of grain-elevators, and the power in the state legislatures that made these controls effective. Many of the farmers and their leaders in the league had been opposed to American participation in the war because they had become convinced that it was a junker war. They had not kept pace with the changes in the character of the war itself. German propaganda was very active among them. When America entered the conflict their past utterances made them liable to charges of disloyalty. Their old enemies, the local junkers, promptly seized the opportunity. They organized loyalty leagues and public-safety commissions, denounced the Non-

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Partizan Leaguers as traitors, and proceeded to mob them and deport them and indict them and tar and feather them. The government at Washington sent out speakers to the Non-Partizan League, through the Committee on Public Information. The local defense committees refused to allow these speakers to address public meetings of league members. The junkers did not wish to have the farmers rallied to the support of the war; they wished to have them marked as disloyalists so that the Non-Partizan League might be destroyed.

They failed. The Western farmers, in spite of this persecution, gave their support to President Wilson and his war aims wholeheartedly. They oversubscribed to Liberty Loans and to all the funds of war-relief. They planted wheat when they could have made more profit out of oats and barley. And when the local junkers dropped their pretense of supporting the President and began to advocate a junker peace, with the same old provisions for imperial trade and commercial exploitation, the farmers remained for the most part true to the President's democratic ideals, even though the junkers tried to inflame them against the



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administration by arguing that the food board's campaign of food-control and price-fixing had been an injustice to the farmer that should be resented.

In the same way the junkers on the Western state councils of defense and public-safety commissions and loyalty leagues took advantage of their opportunity to proceed against all their old opponents in labor circles and reform groups. The slightest reference to our bad industrial conditions was seized upon as socialism, bolshevism, disloyalty, pro-Germanism. Dr. Charles Zueblin, lecturing in Colorado Springs before an association of grade teachers, spoke of the unequal distribution of wealth in America and the need for industrial reforms. His loyalty was undoubted and his long record of public service well known. Nevertheless, he was promptly attacked as a German propagandist and compelled to cancel his second lecture. As a result of the consequent newspaper notoriety he temporarily left the lecture platform.

Prof. S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, came to Colorado to speak under the auspices of the Red Cross and to solicit contributions to its funds. In the course

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of one of his appeals he spoke of how small an amount of money it was that the Red Cross needed as compared with the yearly income of the nation. The entire amount required, he said, was only a fraction of the yearly dividends of one corporation, the steel trust. A beneficiary of that trust was in the audience. He challenged Professor Clark's statement indignantly. Professor Clark replied with the figures to prove his case. He was allowed to finish his speech, but he had offended the junkers unforgivably—though innocently enough—and he was not allowed to finish the tour of speeches that had been booked for him in Colorado.

It followed, naturally, that any public man who had ever been marked as an anti-junker "agitator" was given no opportunity to join in the hundred and one patriotic campaigns that were made on behalf of the government loans and war charities. There was a wall of silence put around him. Only the junkers and their friends could show their patriotism under the state auspices. And when the Congressional campaign opened, in the summer of 1918, the purpose of that conspiracy of silence was apparent. The junker candidates stood

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conspicuously on the patriotic platform under the official flag, and their opponents were left in outer darkness, discredited by their long lack of opportunity to participate in the battle-cries of the home-front. The junkers won.

Remembering my conversation with the officials in Berlin, I watched these Western developments with interest. I watched, also, the public but disguised campaign which the junkers all over the United States were making against every member of the Wilson administration whom they suspected of being Progressive.

Before the war they had concentrated their fire on Secretary Daniels. He had offended them by trying to democratize the navy and by daring to protect it from those business interests who were supplying it with armament and munitions at exorbitant prices. They started a nation-wide campaign of ridicule against him, financing it out of what their publicity agents called "the Daniels pot." They made the nation believe that Secretary Daniels was only a greater joke than the ridiculously inefficient navy which he had disorganized. As a matter of fact, the navy was in the pink of

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condition, as the first three months of war showed. Secretary Daniels's work, as the English experts admitted, was "one of the really great performances of the war." The campaign against him had been one of slander and facetious lies.

*same* That did not prevent the junkers from making an exactly similar campaign against Secretary Baker as soon as he showed that he would not allow labor to be exploited under any government war contracts. The sweat-shop employers among the clothing manufacturers would not make overcoats for the army on those terms of decent hours, wages, and working conditions which the War Department demanded. When the severe cold weather came the soldiers were short of overcoats; Secretary Baker was being denounced and investigated in Congress, and his opponents were giving interviews to the New York papers, declaring that they could not get War Department work for their idle employees because of Secretary Baker's "sociological theories."

The campaign of lies and ridicule against Mr. Baker, which still persists, was only equaled by a like campaign against George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Pub-



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lic Information, who was marked as a radical by the junkers and denounced beyond all whooping. There was never any better case against Baker or Creel than there had been against Daniels. When I was in France in the last year of the war Marshal Joffre spoke to me of Secretary Baker as "one of the most efficient men that the war has produced," and the miraculous performance of the American army in France has since given Marshal Joffre's expert judgment the vindication of subsequent events. Those who knew Creel's work know that he did a big job in a big way; and the unanimity of America's effort and the amazing force of our civilian morale in the war were as much due to him as to any other one man except President Wilson himself.

In the spring of 1916, unable to find an opportunity to help our war program in Colorado, I went abroad for the Committee on Public Information and the British War Mission at Washington. And what I saw in England—as contrasted with what I had been watching in the United States—can be indicated in a single incident.

One Sunday we were invited to the Astor country home at Cliveden, where I was to

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make an address to the wounded soldiers who were in hospital on the Astor estate. Among the other week-end guests was Mr. James Thomas, one of the leaders of the British Labor party, who had been an engine-driver. He was a friend of the Waldorf Astors and a frequent guest at Cliveden. At the close of my address Mrs. Astor, presiding at the meeting, invited Mr. Thomas to move the customary vote of thanks to the speaker, and when he had finished she said to the assembled Tommies, "Now, boys, while we have Mr. Thomas here, let us see if we can't persuade *him* to give us a talk next Sunday afternoon."

The soldier boys applauded the suggestion, and Mr. Thomas, in response to them, accepted the invitation.

"Thank you," Mrs. Astor smiled. "And may I announce the subject of your address?"

Mr. Thomas bowed. "I should like to talk," he replied, cheerfully, "on what the British Labor party proposes to do with Cliveden and the other Astor estates after the war."

The soldiers laughed. Mrs. Astor laughed. Mr. Thomas joined them.



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"That will be very interesting," Mrs. Astor said. "I'm sure you'll be glad to hear, boys, what Mr. Thomas's party intends to do with Cliveden after the war. I know *I* shall be glad to learn. I have been trying to find out, for some time. And if I may make a suggestion, Mr. Thomas, I should very much like to have you turn it into a boarding-house and make me the landlady, although, in that case, Mr. Thomas, you will have to pay your board—a thing, you know, which you have never done in the past."

The joke was on Thomas. He acknowledged it, and the meeting broke up in laughter and applause.

Do I need to emphasize the difference between such a scene and what would have happened to any speaker in America who offered to discuss in a hall on the Rockefeller estates what the United States government should do with the Rockefeller fortune after the war?

Mr. Thomas and his party in England were proposing that all such great landed estates as Cliveden should be nationalized and brought back into use for the good of all the people of England. The owners of

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those estates were saying, as one of them said to me: "It's for the good of old England, and it's in line with the new justice, and why shouldn't the land be put to a better use than most of us have made of it? God Almighty put the land here. We didn't make it—or anything in it." And, under the supervision of the Minister of Agriculture, these estates were already being brought under cultivation, by tenants, on terms dictated by the government and accepted without complaint by the owners.

This difference between the attitude of the privileged classes in England and in the United States was not a difference that was due to any inherent virtue over there or any natural depravity over here. It was due to the fact that the war had taken England by the throat and frightened all classes into the realization that they were the heads and legs and arms of a common body, which could not defend itself successfully unless it had the use and service of every member of its make-up. Wealth had found that money had no hands with which to fight, that it could not buy men to lay down their lives for it. The privileged classes had learned that "a man would fight for a home, but

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not for a boarding-house," that he had to be given a greater stake in the country than the right to earn his food and lodging there, that it had to be made *his* country, too. The heads of industry discovered that the working-man had to be given a proprietary interest in the business, sitting with the board of management, and helping to set his own wages and arrange his conditions of work. The working-man had found it necessary to give up his own class privileges, when these interfered with the fighting efficiency of the nation, and to accept the greater privileges of equality and common responsibility that had arisen from a common danger. In America the pressure of the war had not been strong enough to force such facts upon us.

England, like a slothful and enervated man, had suddenly been summoned to a violent struggle for life. It had to get itself hardened and trued up, or die. The United States faced no such desperate crisis. We had time to move slowly, without strain. Such strength as we had we put into play craftily. We had only just begun to discover our weaknesses when the war closed. And up to that time we had been able to

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conceal those sore spots from ourselves by refusing to notice them, by denying that they existed, and by chloroforming into silence all the protests that were the symptomatic aches and twinges of our constitutional weaknesses.

We were trying to strengthen ourselves by a sort of faith-cure. The English had gone almost to the other extreme. They were watching themselves, for political ills and social debilities, like a hypochondriac. The dinner-table conversations that we heard among distinguished people were discussions of all sorts of national problems—child labor, divorce reform, children's courts, mothers' pensions, maternity laws, the rights of illegitimate children, the new social conscience, the use and misuse of land, the war between capital and labor, the problem of Ireland, the abolition of special privileges, and so forth. And these questions were discussed without bitterness, with a tolerance that was engagingly frank, in a sincere desire to find solutions that should be just and fair to all, and wholly to the national advantage. Imagine such discussions at the dinner-tables of Fifth Avenue or Newport!

While the American Federation of Labor



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was gingerly acquiring an eight-hour day and the right to collective bargaining, the British Labor party was moving for the common ownership not only of the nation's land, but of its railways, canals, coal, iron, and electric power. They were demanding a democratic control of all industry, of the insurance business, of the food-supply, and of the importation of raw materials. They did not stop at proposing almost confiscatory income taxes and death dues; they contemplated finding a way to take over all the nation's surplus wealth for the national use. And they proposed to use that wealth to abolish ignorance, preventable disease, unemployment, and all the ills in England that came from lack of education and lack of work—to secure, in fact, “all the requisites of healthy life and worthy citizenship.”

In America we would have denounced such aims as pure bolshevism. In England I did not hear them denounced at all. The argument was all upon the means by which they could be attained—whether the ills could be cured in the way that the British Labor party advocated or whether it could be done more safely and easily in other

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ways. My experience had taught me that the employing classes in the United States regarded the labor problem as a servant problem. They were determined to be masters in their own house. The servants could work or quit. The war had taught the English that labor was not a servant, but a member of the family. The employees were not merely working in the house—they were also owners of it. They were defending it, fighting for it, dying for it. They were as necessary to its success and safety as the members of the family who lived on the upper floors. Their health and happiness, their comfort and loyalty, had to be provided for, or the house would fall.

I found no fear of bolshevism. That tyranny of the lower floors over the upper had been made impossible by the realization that all the floors were inhabited by one family, working together for the common safety and the happiness of all. There was no more danger of tyranny from below than of tyranny from above. Every class was willing to do whatever was "for the good of old England." War had taught them their lesson, and they were looking



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forward to peace in order to put the lesson to good effect.

When I returned to the United States it seemed to me that our junkers had learned no lesson at all. One of them—high in the National Council of Defense, but in no way connected with the government—was privately arguing in Washington that all the government's price-fixing had been a mistake. "We would have had no trouble with the laboring-man," he said, "if we had let prices soar. He would have been so busy earning his daily bread that he'd have been willing to work eighteen hours a day." Another, a national figure in finance, was saying confidentially that President Wilson was not to be trusted. "He has too much sympathy with labor. So has the whole Democratic party." The Democratic junkers were as outspoken among themselves. They were preparing to elect a reactionary anti-Wilson Congress. And in Colorado they boasted of their success openly. Mr. Gerald Hughes, a Democratic leader in Colorado, celebrated the Republican victory with Mr. Lawrence Phipps, the Republican Senator-elect from Colorado.

Then came the armistice, and at once all

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pretense of fighting "to make the world safe for democracy" was abandoned by all our commercial junkers, who saw in the defeat of Germany only their opportunity to divide with our allies the trade empire of the world. Their representatives in the Senate promptly attacked all President Wilson's peace terms. They denounced his League of Nations, by means of which President Wilson wished to reconcile those conflicting trade ambitions that have been "among the predetermining causes of war," as he has said. Our junkers wished no such settlement. They desired to share with the conquerors in a new exploitation of the needs of humanity. They had the support of the trade junkers of England, who again found their voices, and the men in France who saw only the opportunity to profit by Germany's commercial ruin, and the circles in Italy that were all for trade imperialism and the seizure of conquered territory. The whole junker press of the United States opened out in ridicule of the "absurd idealism" of President Wilson's program. And when he prepared to go to Europe in defense of that program every one of our junker representatives opposed and impeded him.

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He went. Our junkers pursued him with cries that he did not represent America, that no one in the United States wanted his absurd League of Nations, that Europe should not listen to him. But Europe listened. His reception by the people of France and England and Italy convinced the junkers of those countries that a junker peace would mean a popular revolution. He sat down to the peace-table with the masses of the European people at his back and the protests of our American junkers coming very faintly from a great distance.

In the long fight that he has made in Paris he has been trying to translate into the clauses of the peace-treaty the tenets of the doughboy's religion and the principles of democratic liberty for which our doughboys died. He has been opposed by every one in Europe who is of the junker faith. They have disguised their selfish class purposes as democratic aims, just as our junkers have disguised them here. They have stirred up every rancor of national hatred, every devil of national ambition, to further their own plans of imperialistic trade aggression and territorial grab. They have apparently been blocked by President

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Wilson, backed by Lloyd George and by the pressure of the mass of the people in the Allied countries whose silent hopes and purposes President Wilson has continued to voice. Thanks to him, the classes who suffer most by war have been represented—for the first time in the history of diplomacy—at the councils that determine the articles of peace. He has defeated the invisible governments and junker rule of Europe.

It remains to be seen whether the heads and servitors of our invisible administration will try to maintain their undemocratic and junker policy in our domestic affairs. Will they continue to treat the labor problem as a servant problem? Will they continue to believe that the affairs of our great family, the nation, can be administered for money profit only, or will they learn that a home must be administered as a place of happiness and affection also, and the things that money cannot buy? Will they promote bolshevism and the tyranny of the lower floors over the upper, by insisting on junkerism and the tyranny of the upper floors over the lower? Will they welcome reform as it has been welcomed in England, or will they force revolution, as revolution has been

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forced in Russia and in Germany? Will they be converted to the liberality of the doughboy's religion, or will they continue their persecutions on behalf of the junker faith, and so set an example to their opponents that may end by bringing a taste of class martyrdom to themselves?



## HORSES' RIGHTS FOR WOMEN

WHEN you asked any one in Great Britain the secret of the strength which that country had shown in the war the answer was invariably one word—"Women."

The British newspapers agreed, "It is our women who have made it possible for us to win the war, if we win it." One of the munitions manufacturers, when I commented upon the country's incredible output of war-material, replied, "It has been done by our women." When I was amazed at the amount of food that was being produced under the provisions for cultivating idle land, the government official explained, "That is due to the efforts of our women." And a report from the British Bureau of Information summed it all up, "But for the work of women, the wheels of industry could not have been kept in motion, nor

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could our armies have been maintained in the field."

I was told that a million women had gone into farm-work, and instead of raising only 20 per cent. of the farm-products that were consumed in the country, Great Britain was now raising 80 per cent. Nearly a million women were employed on munitions alone. The British were manufacturing as many heavy shells in four days as they had been turning out in a year when the war began; and a government report declared, "Nineteenths of the whole manufacture of shells is now due to the labor of women." Another million were engaged in essential industries. Thousands were in service behind the British lines in France, and among them I saw many young girls driving officers' automobiles under fire and along dangerous roads where a chauffeur needed the greatest skill and daring. "They make daredevil chauffeurs," I was told. "The best we have."

Every one spoke of the courage of the women who were manufacturing high explosives. When an accident turned one of their plants into a shambles those who escaped returned to work smiling as hero-

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ically as the Tommies on their way back to the trenches. A Welsh girl in a London shell-factory had her hand caught in a machine and all but torn from her wrist. She stood chatting to the men who were working to release her mangled fingers. One of her girl friends asked, "Doesn't it hurt?" and she whispered: "It hurts all right. I just want to show them I'm Welsh." I saw girls who had lost an eye, a leg, or an arm in munition accidents. I saw many who had been scarred. They had to handle poisons that often ruined their complexions, destroyed their skins, or "scalped" them, as the slang phrase was, by killing their hair, their eyelashes, and their eyebrows. They all worked with a knowledge of the chances they were taking. I complimented one of them on her bravery. "It's work that has to be done," she said. "We are all glad to be able to help."

And every one was surprised by their skill and their endurance. It was found, officially, that a girl of eighteen was equal in intelligence and ability to an unskilled man of twenty-five, and that she was less liable to tire at "repetition work" than youths or unskilled men. They learned

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more rapidly than men. "After a few weeks, women on fitters' work were nearly as efficient as skilled men," a government report said, "and fitting is skilled engineering." They were, for the most part, better than men in processes that required unusual nimbleness of hand and delicate sureness of touch. But their endurance was the great miracle. As blacksmiths' strikers, wielding seven-pound hammers; as truck-loaders handling boxes of ammunition weighing as much as a hundred and eighteen pounds; as excavators, with pick and shovel; as laborers in annealing furnaces—they did the heaviest sort of work as well as the men had ever done it. And it was officially reported of a woman in the annealing furnace of a Glasgow locomotive plant that "she seems to be heat-proof, and when men at another furnace have been seen to be fagged, she has gone to help them."

All this will be no surprise to those who remember that in the early days of the human race all the industrial labor was done by women while their men hunted or fought. Among savage tribes to-day the woman is the worker. The endurance of peasant women is well known. And the surgeons



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tell us that any woman bears pain better than a man.

What stuck in my thoughts was a wholly different matter.

I had been at St. Dunstan's Hospital in London, where there were several hundred blind soldiers, and I found that nine-tenths of them had had opportunities to marry since they had lost their sight. The maternal instinct in women took pity on them. There were plenty of charming and beautiful girls ready to help care for them for the rest of their lives. But the girls who had been scarred or maimed in the munitions-works—what of them? I asked a woman who was conducting us through one of these plants whether any of the wounded girls had ever received an offer of marriage after her accident. She replied: "Not to my knowledge. No; not one." And as far as I could learn, what she said of this plant was true of all of them.

That difference between the consequence of injury to men and to women in war-time stuck in my thoughts, as I say. It was not a difference for which the government or society or the state could be blamed. No; it was a difference due to human in-



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instincts and the laws of nature herself. It was nature's way of providing that man, the hunter and fighter, might go out to defend the tribe with the assurance that his wounds would not be a bar to his mating when he returned. But it was also nature's way of making the woman keep her body out of danger, because her health and safety were of first importance to the future health and strength of the tribe. England was pouring out the lives of her men on the battle-front. That was terrible enough. But, on her home-front, in dangerous tasks and truly destructive labor, she was also pouring out the lives of her women. And that might prove fatal.

The danger had been seen. The government had somewhat provided against it by regulating woman's work and the conditions of that work for her protection. The French government had gone further. In an attempt to provide for the future generation, the mother was being cared for by the state before the birth of her child and during her convalescence. Similar laws were proposed in England. There was, of course, a general feeling that the war-time conditions were necessarily abnormal and

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unavoidable, though they were also considered as merely temporary. But the more I saw of women in war-time the more I realized that these "abnormal conditions" were only an exaggeration of our ordinary peace-time conditions, and that the danger which was so obviously threatening the future of Great Britain, through the bodies of her women in war industries, was equally threatening her future and the future of America, through the bodies of women in the industries of peace.

For example, take this matter of providing for the care and support of mothers in order to assure the health and strength of the coming generation. Take, to be explicit, a case that I had in my court in Denver before the war—the case of Mrs. N——.

Her husband had worked in the smelters. He had been employed there for sixteen years from ten to twelve hours a day. Work in the smelters is a dangerous occupation, and under our Colorado law he should not have been on duty more than eight hours a day; but, in order to evade the law, his employers had transferred the men in the smelters to the pay-roll of the railroad, where they might work twelve hours legally.

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At the end of a hard day a tired workman stumbled against a pail of water and upset it on a slag-pile. The slag exploded and killed Mr. N——. The railroad company paid Mrs. N—— two hundred and fifty dollars for the life of her husband, and that was the end of the first chapter.

Mrs. N——, with six young children, settled down in a little house by the railroad tracks to a life of poverty and ill-paid labor. The children were allowed to run wild, because she could not look after them; she had to leave home to earn for them. They were continuously hungry, because she could not earn enough to feed them. Near the house, the railroad's box-cars were always standing as a temptation to mischief. Tommy, her eldest boy, broke into a box-car, one day, stole two dollars' worth of lead that had come from the smelter—the smelter where his father had been killed—sold it for sixty cents, and took the money to his mother. He was arrested and brought to the Juvenile Court. End of chapter two.

The agents of our state Humane Society, so-called, here entered the case to report that they had investigated Mrs. N—— and found that she was "bad." In an attempt

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to eke out her earnings she had taken a boarder in her little shack. In the course of time and temptation she had entered into relations with this boarder which the Humane Society described as "immoral." Therefore they proposed to take all her children away from her and put them in orphan-asylums, and leave her to complete her ruin.

That is to say, society, having killed her husband by failing to enforce the laws for his protection, and having left her without the means to raise her six future citizens efficiently, and having forced her into the temptations of immorality in order to save them from starvation, and having debauched her boy Tommy in the same process of poverty—society now proposed to punish her and Tommy and all the other children for the acts and omissions of which society had been guilty.

Our Juvenile Court, of course, does not see the responsibilities of society fulfilled in this way, and we did what we could to save Mrs. N—— and Tommy and her other little citizens from complete disaster. But, as a result of this and many similar cases, we lobbied the Colorado Legislature for a Mothers' Compensation Act that should allow



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us to pay such women as Mrs. N—— as much as fifty dollars a month to stay at home and rear their young families, so that these might be a profit to the state instead of a loss. It was peace-time. The war had not taught the world the value of mothers and children to the state. The Legislature would not act.

In the mean time a Progressive campaign in Colorado won the initiative and referendum, by which the people themselves could initiate legislation. One of the first laws that we initiated was the Mothers' Compensation Act. But the law contained no appropriation of money to carry it out. In Denver we had to ask the city council for the money. We asked for an appropriation of five thousand dollars.

That seemed little enough, but it was too much for a committee of business men from the Denver Chamber of Commerce, who came to the hearings on the city budget and objected to giving five thousand dollars to assist destitute mothers. They said it was "paternalism," "an encouragement to pauperism," "a fad," "the worst sort of socialism." They would have called it "bolshevism," but that word had not yet



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been initiated itself. They argued against any appropriation for mothers.

While they were arguing I glanced down the budget and found an item reading, "For the Dog-catcher's Department, eight thousand dollars." I called their attention to this item. The city was providing eight thousand dollars for the purpose of seeing that the streets were not overrun with homeless, ill-bred, and dangerous dogs. It was, in effect, an appropriation to provide for a good breed of well-cared-for dogs by catching and destroying all the poor mongrels for whom nobody would buy a tag. I pleaded for "dogs' rights for women." If they could appropriate eight thousand dollars for the better breeding of dogs without being "paternalistic," couldn't they give five thousand dollars to insure a better breed of human beings? Would they do more for the offspring of a dog than for the children of a human mother?

They decided that they could grant "dogs' rights for women," and the business men dropped their objection. After the hearing one of them came to me and said: "I was a fool to appear here, on this protest. I've never thought of these things at all.

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You're right. I was only thinking of my taxes."

The British had been taught by the war to think of something more than taxes. They had begun to think of the real values of their community life and of how to protect men, women, and children from the industrial evils of peace as well as war, and of the means by which the nation could assure education, comfort, and happiness to all its citizens. They were campaigning for a number of bills—the Fisher Educational bill, the Child-welfare bill, the Maternity bill, and the bill establishing a Ministry of Public Health.

In the campaign for the Maternity bill, they ran against a sort of opposition which we had been fighting in Colorado. That was the opposition of the churches, the religious, and all the most moral people of the community. They present a baffling problem in peace as in war.

One of our greatest difficulties in the Juvenile Court had been to care for the young unmarried mothers who came before the court. They were not "bad" girls. The bad ones knew how to avoid motherhood. These were usually girls who had

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been betrayed by their own ignorance or innocence and the overpowering strength of natural instincts of which they had not been properly warned. They were about to give birth to children under conditions of ostracism and shame that were sure to blight the lives of their infants and themselves. That is to say, they were about to bring into the world future citizens who would surely be a liability to the state instead of an asset. We had no way in which we could provide them with the care and attention they needed, and no way to protect them from the disgrace that was certain to destroy their social value to the state.

Equally, we were unable to provide in advance for the poverty-stricken young mother who abandoned her infant—because she foresaw no way of raising a child—and who was charged with a crime for deserting it. And, equally again, we had no way to help the poor mother who could not afford medical attention in childbirth, who could not even remain away from her work long enough to regain her strength after the birth of her child—with disastrous results to both parent and offspring.

One Sunday, after a week in which I had

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heard several such harrowing cases, my wife and I went motoring in the country. We passed the farm of a well-known stock-breeder, who hailed us and invited us in. He had a reputation all over the West for raising a very strong and enduring breed of horses; and in the West, where the horses have to climb hills and mountains, such a reputation must be well deserved. I asked him how he had won it. He replied, "There's the reason in front of you," pointing to a pasture in which a score of mares with their colts were browsing and feeding and playing about in the sunlight. "We don't put the mothers at work for several months before and after foaling. We leave the colts with them as long as possible to feed. It makes all the difference between our horses and inferior stock." And when I thought of all those pathetic young mothers whose tales I had been hearing in court, I cried out in despair to myself, "Why can't *they* have horses' rights?"

So we began our slogan, "Horses' rights for women" in Colorado, and presented a bill in the Legislature providing that any woman who was about to become a mother might make a private application to our



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court and receive a sufficient maintenance for her to bear her child in circumstances of health and comfort that somewhat approached the conditions enjoyed by my friend's horses on his stock-farm. When it was discovered that this bill included the relief of unmarried mothers, all argument was useless. I was "encouraging immorality." I was seriously regarded as a questionable character. The bill never came anywhere near consideration by the Legislature. It was damned in silence. The same bill is before the present Legislature, but its fate, for the same reasons, is still in doubt.

The same pious horror at first greeted a similar attempt in England to help the mothers of illegitimate children there.<sup>1</sup> Yet the situation in London was appalling. The young man, facing the prospect of imminent death at the front, turned eagerly to any last pleasure that life had to offer. The young woman, pitiful with the sense that he was about to die in her defense, gave herself to him. In London alone I was assured that there were eighty thousand young girls

<sup>1</sup>England has recently passed the Maternity and Child-welfare bills, and Colorado has also just passed the first maternity law in this country.



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—not professional prostitutes—meeting the soldiers on the streets and love-making with them. Some of the military authorities put the figure as high as a hundred and fifty thousand. I heard it said in an address at a public meeting that two hundred thousand babies of unmarried mothers had been born in Great Britain during the year, but I was unable to verify the statistics. I was also unable to prove a statement that one-half of these illegitimate children died in the first year of their lives.

It was obvious, however, that here was an enormous waste of young men and young women and young children. What was society doing about it? Society was prosecuting the young women and destroying the children. Faced with the terrific waste of life on the battle-field, nature was urging the youth of the nation to make up her losses, and society was blindly punishing them for yielding to her. The whole thing was criminally absurd.

I went to some of the London courts to see the machinery of destruction in action. I found that the girls were brought in under a criminal charge, but there was no charge against the soldiers. The court procedure

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presupposed that all the girls were professional prostitutes. It was impossible for the judge to talk privately with any of them; their "constitutional rights" protected them from such an attempt to have them "give evidence that might incriminate them." And even if the judge could have found out the truth from them, he could not act on it humanely without "compounding a felony." The girls were arraigned as enemies of society. The aim of the trial was to protect society against them. And all this went on in spite of the fact that what was really needed was to protect them against society.

Here again we were facing war-time conditions that were only an exaggeration of similar conditions prevailing in times of peace. In the Denver Juvenile Court we have a law by which such cases are tried under a chancery, not a criminal-court, jurisdiction. The young girl is brought in as a ward of the state, to be cared for and protected—not as an enemy of the state to be prosecuted. As a result of our methods, many of these girls have come to us seeking help or have been brought by others whom we have assisted. Out of our experience in

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such cases, I should say that the war-time conditions in London are not a great exaggeration of the ordinary conditions in any of our American industrial towns. Again and again in my court I have conducted long investigations into the moral conditions among girls in certain shops and factories and industrial plants; and invariably I have found that what the girls themselves confidently assured me was probably true—that fifty per cent. of the working-girls were having sexual relations with young men, not professionally, but for the sake of automobile-rides and tickets to the theater and a “good time” generally. The war had brought this sort of thing into the open, and of course increased it. The problem is the same old problem of youth and natural impulse and the desire for entertainment and excitement—the desire of the young to have some of the joys of life. The method of handling it in London, as here in America for the most part, was the same old stupid and blundering method of prosecuting the patient instead of treating the disease.

Even in Colorado we have no effective way of forcing the young man in any of these cases to make reparation to the girl if he has

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wronged her, or to help support the child of which he is the father, or to help care for the girl if he has given her disease. We can attempt to punish him by bringing a criminal case against him, but in a recent period of ten years only five hundred and twenty such cases were brought to our district attorney. After eliminating the cases that were not strong enough to take into court, a hundred and seventy-two out of the five hundred and twenty were filed; in these one hundred and seventy-two cases there were only twenty-two convictions, and of the twenty-two—what with appeals and other legal obstructions—there were only ten went to prison. That is to say, under the criminal procedure, ten men were punished in our county in ten years, and about one hundred and fifty girls were punished by the public exposure incident to a criminal trial.

Criminal prosecution is a failure. Juries will not convict. The girls are unwilling to appear. The evidence is rarely conclusive. And sending the young man to the penitentiary is of little avail in any event. We are trying to get a law that shall permit the Colorado courts to hear these cases under a



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chancery jurisdiction, treating both parties as wards of the state, hearing the cases in private, as the evidence in many divorce suits is heard, and making a disposition of the case that shall be fair to the injured party and in the best interests of the state. Such a law would permit us to have the girl protected from ruinous publicity, to have her cared for in childbirth at the expense of the child's father, to have her treated at his expense if she were merely ill, and generally to rectify the wrong-doing of both parties and save them from social destruction instead of hastening them into it.

And this brings me to another peacetime problem which the war has made only too manifest—the problem of venereal disease. It was handled in the army with the greatest intelligence. The men were given lectures and instructions in its dangers and taught how to avoid them. They were compelled to take injections to keep them immune and to use prophylactics. The latter were given out to them by the thousands. And, as a result, the percentage of venereal disease among the men of the American Expeditionary Force was the lowest in the history of war.



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But, by comparison, little was done to protect the young women. They were left generally at the mercy of their ignorance. Yet venereal disease among women is more destructive to the future of society than it is among men, because it ordinarily renders the woman incapable of bearing children. And what was happening in England and France and Italy was a protection to men and a progressive sterilization of women.

Here again, society, in the face of the enormous loss of life in war, was merely committing suicide. It has been doing the same thing in the recent years of peace. By failure to protect women in industry and in the new conditions of life under our present industrial régime, society has been destroying future generations by neglecting the mothers of to-morrow. Our laws and our governments have been busily protecting only property rights, although the war has shown that not property, but men and women, are the valuable assets of a nation, and that, of the two, the women are the more valuable and the least conserved. Our reconstructed world will have to look to that. We shall have to see to it that women have not merely "dogs' rights" or

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"horses' rights," but human rights. And America will have to do it, as the nations of Europe are learning to do it, or America will be hopelessly defeated in the competitions of peace that are now beginning. It was the women of Great Britain and France who made it possible for the Allies to win the war. Properly protected and conserved, the woman power of those nations will so add to their public health and strength and happiness that America will not be able to live in the same world with them unless America undertakes equal measures of industrial reform and social improvement.

## A LEAGUE OF UNDERSTANDING

**T**HE war with Germany has changed many things, but it has changed nothing so much as it has changed war itself. Modern war is a war of machinery. No nation can now hope to make war successfully unless it is a nation rich in mines and factories and munition-works and highly technical industrial processes and a large body of skilled workmen. It follows, therefore, that, with Germany defeated and paying tribute, the peace of the world is in the hands of the three great industrial nations, Britain, France, and the United States. An alliance of those nations can make war hopeless for any other nation or group of nations in the world. With Belgium and Italy and Japan added to such a league, the remaining peoples of Europe and Asia, however brave, are as helpless as men with bows and arrows fighting machine-guns and airplanes and armored tanks.

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Peace, then—the peace of the world—is an affair of friendship and sympathetic understanding between the French, the British, and ourselves. The French have always had our admiration and affection. “The good American, when he dies, goes to Paris.” But the British, until we joined in the war, neither had our friendship nor seemed to desire it. They appeared to see nothing in us but our faults, and we nothing in them but theirs. A war between us was unthinkable, but it was scarcely more incredible than an alliance. We had the sort of humorous aversion for one another that is more difficult to overcome than enmity. What was the cause of it? Has it been cured? Has it passed permanently, or will it return with the less heroic moods and the more selfish rivalries of peace?

I must admit that, although all my forebears came from the British Isles, I used to dislike the English. Our school histories, with their nonsense about the War of Independence, may have given me the bias, but it was the traveling Englishman who confirmed me in it. I attempted once to start up a conversation with him in a smoking-car, in our informal Western fashion,



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and he behaved as if I were a card-sharp trying to inveigle him into a game. I imagine it is this appearance of silent hostility to the stranger that is most to blame for the Englishman's unpopularity among foreigners. We do not understand that the Englishman does not behave so with outlanders only. He behaves in exactly the same way with strange Englishmen. It is a convention among the conventional English that they cannot speak until they have been introduced. Many of them make fun of it themselves. One of the wittiest of Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" relates the adventures of two Englishmen, cast away on a desert island, who lived on opposite shores of it without speaking, for years, until an accident disclosed that one of them had a letter of introduction to the other.

But if you come to an Englishman with such a letter, nothing could be heartier than his hospitality. He is much more sensible of his obligations as a host than we Americans. He is more careful about who shall enter his home, but he is correspondingly more sincere in his welcome when he gives it. It does not follow that he is cold or



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snobbish simply because he takes seriously our own accepted English doctrine that every man's home is his castle and that it should be free from invasion at the mere invitation of the intruder. I found the conventional Englishman—once you had passed the outer wall of his conventions—the most approachable, simple, and democratic person to be imagined.

Again and again they told me that one of their obvious traits before the war was a smug indifference as to whether we Americans understood them or not, although they admitted at the same time that they had found the average American eager to understand them and to be understood by them. If that was their attitude before the war, they have changed. I found the normal Britisher just as anxious to be understood as the American. He wants our friendship. He is constantly apologizing for the stupidity of that German sovereign, George III, whose pigheadedness forced the revolt of the British in the American colonies in '76; and he is constantly explaining that the freedom of the self-governing nations of the British Empire has been the result of the lesson which the English learned from

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our War of Independence. He does not see why the modern American should feel any animosity to the British for a conflict in which the Americans won and for which the British people were not responsible. I confess that I could only answer that the animosity was a bad tradition with us, and unreasonable.

I was standing, one morning, on the deck of a liner, among a number of British officers, watching the arrival of a fleet of American transports in an English harbor. Some fifteen great ships steamed past us, loaded to the gunwales with our doughboys. They were hanging over the rail, clinging to the rigging, perched on ventilators, and swarming in the crow's-nest; and all were shouting, cheering, whistling, singing, and waving their hats together in a mad pandemonium of high spirits at reaching the sight of land. The British in our group looked at the scene in polite amazement, silently. In the midst of it all one of them who was near me said to his companion, in a low voice, "What an extr'ordinary waste of energy!"

And that is another of the English conventions that make him unsympathetic to the foreigner. The conventional English-

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man is the most repressed of civilized men. He appears to live in a constant horror of "giving himself away." It is as if he regarded a display of emotion as a sort of indecent exposure, a kind of spiritual nakedness. He wraps himself in silence and reserve like a nun in her habit. Where he came by this tradition of the American Indian I do not know, but it seems impossible now that he should ever change it. It has become an affair of "good form." It is a fearful handicap in his relations with the rest of the world, for it leaves him liable to all the misunderstandings that come of inexpressiveness. It makes him appear critical and superior in the midst of an alien enthusiasm. It deprives him of many of the social graces that follow an easy flow of spirit. And it seems to me to leave him less mental energy than he ought to have—for it takes energy to repress emotion, and the muffler on the explosive engine reduces the power. It would help him pick up his speed more quickly if he would run with his cut-out open when he is taking a hill.

We journeyed to London with some American officers whom we met a few days later in Piccadilly. One of them said:

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"I have been all over this darn town and I haven't seen an American flag yet. I heard the British didn't like us, and now I know it. Just look at old New York—from the Battery to Harlem, you can see British flags everywhere."

"But," I replied, "neither have I seen a French flag nor an Italian flag nor a Belgian—why, I haven't seen a British flag!"

"By jingo, that's right!" chimed in the other officer. "What's the matter with these Britishers—don't they know there's a war?"

"Well," I answered, "if anybody in Europe ought to know, it certainly is England. I haven't met any one here who hasn't suffered bitterly—who hasn't lost a son, a brother, a husband, or a father."

"You would never know it, would you?" queried another.

"No," I replied; "not if you had to find it out from them or from service-flags."

They serve without flags in England, without ostentation. They sacrifice without fuss and hide their sorrow. This habit has one great virtue—it does not distract from the grim business in hand. The nation goes ahead, without a whimper, through



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the worst disasters. And as a nation they can "take more punishment" than any other people in the modern world. They are the most stubborn of fighters. They never know when they are beaten, as Napoleon complained. They say of themselves that they "never win any battle but the final one." They "muddle through" bullheadedly, silently enduring reverses that would break the hearts of most of us, and crushing their opponents at last by mere staying-power. By the same token, their very silence makes it possible for stupidity to persist in high places longer than it could with us, and they bring some of their disasters on themselves by accepting blunders in leadership as one of the inevitable evils that must be endured by a game spirit.

Altogether, I should say, they are less "affectable" than we are. They are less responsive. They are less easily aroused. They have ordinarily less enthusiasm to suppress and therefore, naturally, make a virtue of their failure to express it. It may be, at bottom, a matter of their climate, which is far from invigorating and calls for frequent stimulants. Even the foreigner finds it



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difficult to "carry on" through an English afternoon, in the brightest weather, without his afternoon tea. For the native, tea is served even at the matinées in the theaters, between the acts, and sold to the audience in their seats, like our "pop" at a ball game.

This greater stolidity of the English makes them critical of our national volubility. We went at the war in a loud rage, rolling up our sleeves with eloquence, shaking our oratorical fists, smacking the earth with the flat of the national foot, and calling out to the enemy that we were going to wipe up the world with him. "These Americans," a newspaper commented after Château-Thierry, "are as good as they said they were. They could not be better." I heard a loud-mouthed American lieutenant telling a lot of Tommies, "You fellows have been at this job for four years, and now *we* have come over here to finish it up for you." This sort of bluster seemed to me partly a mischievous attempt to get a rise out of the silent Britisher and partly our way of committing ourselves before the world to a rather frightening task. Our soldiers had very little of it. The average doughboy was touchingly modest and boyish. One

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English officer said to me: "They have plenty of ginger and no brag. They are active, quick, and clever. We like them because they are all that could be expected of gentlemen and soldiers." They tore into battle like young hounds, peeling off their coats and fairly rushing the Germans off their feet. They suffered shockingly in casualties, but the very whoop and fury of their attack was a stimulant to the whole Allied line. It was a moment when enthusiasm was needed and high spirits helped.

Our blustering self-assertion is the product of our national isolation. We have been the big frog in our pond, but it has been a pond remote from Europe. The nations there knew little of us and cared less. We made the mistake of trying to tell them what a mighty frog we were, and it bored them. In the same way the British insularity and the "splendid isolation" of which they were so proud made them no less conceited than we, but made that conceit silently indifferent to the opinion of the rest of the world. Europe knew of them and their achievements, their empire and their wealth. They did not need to boast. Their silent self-assurance did it for them.

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Both our isolation and Great Britain's have been ended by the war. The airplane and the submarine have made isolation impossible. No nation can any longer be indifferent to friendship or hostility. And in a world that will watch *our* actions and judge us by them we shall have less temptation to talk about ourselves. Our national faults and the characteristics that have made us peevish with the British seem in a fair way to be cured by the one circumstance—that we find each other suddenly near neighbors who wish to be amiable and understood.

It should be easy. Whatever our temperamental differences, as nations we have the same ideals. We seek the same goal. We believe in the same sort of freedom, the same rights for the common man. We have the same tolerant wish to live and let live. We are neither of us absurd about military glory, are not out for conquest or dominion, and have no desire to rule any country that will rule itself in such a manner as not to upset the peace of the world. The way in which we Americans settled our affairs with Cuba was not more unselfish than the way in which the British made the

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Boer Republic a self-governing nation as soon as peace was signed in South Africa. The British have problems in Egypt and India, as we have them in the Philippines, but the will to get free of those problems is not lacking in the ordinary Britisher any more than it is in us.

An alliance of the British, the French, and ourselves is a league of the three great modern democracies—for the British Empire is as much a republic as the United States. They have a curious trick in Britain of reforming the spirit of an institution without changing its outer shape, and the King of England has about as much royal power as our Vice-President. All the authority of the House of Lords was recently abolished, but the peers continue to sit and argue. The self-governing colonies of the Empire are wholly self-governing and independent within the limits of their own loyalty, yet Canada is still spoken of as the Dominion of Canada. There is some instinct in the British that makes them treasure old buildings, old customs, old forms, and old institutions much more than we. The undisturbed continuity of the national life on their sheltered island may have bred



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the habit in them. When a reform becomes necessary they make it, but they preserve the appearance of not having made it. This, I think, is the essence of what they call their "national genius for compromise." It is rather a joke—except when it deceives the foreigner who sometimes does not see below the outward show.

I should say that the one striking difference between our two forms of democracy lies in the more ordered system of social classes in England and the absence of any such distinctions among us, except those that come of differences in wealth. The English system still preserves many of the aspects of its feudal past. Families have remained for generations as servants, or tradesmen, or lawyers, or landed gentry, or titled aristocrats. But within that set form there is a continual change of individual fortunes. It is almost as easy for talent to rise to the top in England as here. The titles are largely new. The government heads are of all ranks of origin. Wealth inevitably gets power and position, as it does with us, and ability commands prestige.

But with titles and positions recognized and class distinctions set, the ordinary Eng-



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lishman is easily known for what he really is, and he is aware of it. He has less temptation to self-assertion. He relies less on his personality than we do, and seems less interested in it. He has more repose—whether it be the repose of humility in the lower classes or of complacency in the upper. He talks less about himself, his experiences, his peculiarities. He seems consequently less egotistic, but more self-assured. We are likely to misunderstand that in him.

He, for his part, is certain to make the mistake of thinking us money-mad. As a matter of fact, we are much freer with our money than he, because to be free with money is a distinction among us. It is the mark of the millionaire, and to be a millionaire in America is to have the only aristocratic privileges and powers that we permit. The Englishman and the Frenchman find it more difficult to come by money than we do. They are thrifty by necessity. They think about their expenditures more than we do. They are likely to be “meaner about money.” And there are aristocrats in both France and England who, as we say, are “willing to do anything for money except work for it.” At the same time, the fact

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that there are so many other values in their lives besides money values keeps all their arts and professions less commercial than ours and makes it impossible for the trading and financial classes to dominate the government as completely as ours do.

For that reason the after-the-war reforms, the new labor legislation, and the changes in the social order which the British Labor party is proposing, are more easy to effect than they would be with us. The governing Englishman has a sense of responsibility to the whole nation that makes him more impartial in the disputes between capital and labor. I found it, for example, difficult to make Mr. Lloyd George understand the power of corrupt corporations among us, though he knew of it and asked curiously about it. He did not see how this power could be imposed on the professional men, the lawyers, the teachers, the writers, the preachers, and the small business men, who would be opposed to it in England. In the same way it was difficult to explain why so many of our largest newspapers were opposed to President Wilson's peace policies and spoke only for our commercial junkers.

It is this very difference between the Eng-

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lish government and ours that will make a nearer neighborliness valuable to us. Reforms there will encourage reforms here, and offset our danger of a blind revolution patterned after the Russian model. Our radicals have lost patience with the slow struggle against the corrupt control of legislation. The bolshevists among us have money from Russia and encouragement from Germany—for, in the prospect of industrial disorders elsewhere, the German commercial junkers see a hope of re-establishing their own fortunes. The British are forestalling industrial unrest by removing the causes of it. We shall have to do the same, if we are to avoid a national disaster.

All the German influences and a great many other influences in this disordered world will be opposed to a friendly understanding between us and the British, but it is not the knaves whom we have most to fear—it is the fools. No one would applaud a man who declared that he was the wisest, the most powerful, the most unselfish and the freest of mankind. But, if he extends his ego to a nation and boasts of himself, by proxy, in his praises of his country, his egotism is permitted to vaunt

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itself as patriotism and he helps to set a whole world by the ears. This sort of patriotism is an exercise for maniacs. It is, indeed, a kind of sublimated megalomania for which the League of Nations might well provide a lunatic asylum at Geneva. America has as many of these extended egoists as England has or France. They are more dangerous than our enemies. Their folly is more to be dreaded than spite. "I prefer the wicked to the foolish," the French wit said. "The wicked sometimes tire."

THE END













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